CYM. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee !
Imogen, Thy mother's dead.
IMO. I am sorry for't, my lord.
CYM. O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely :
But her son Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth.
Lord Cloten, Upon my lady's missing, came to me With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant death : By accident, I had a feigned letter of my master's Then in my pocket; which directed him To seek her on the mountains near to Milford; Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments, Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate My lady's honour : what became of him, I further know not,
GUI. . Let me end the story :
I slew him there.
CYM. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips Pluck a hard sentence :
pr'ythee, valiant youth, Deny't again.
GUI. *I* have spoke it, and I did it.
CYM. He was a prince.
GUI. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me With language that would make me spurn the sea,